The News and Herald.

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THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

Who Was to Blame.

A hot September morning. All day the earth had lain panting under the fierce rays of the Southern sun, and now that evening had come she was eagerly drinking up the heavily falling dew—dew even more deadly than the burning heat. The broad plantations lay bare and scorched, looking more desolate than when war was devastating the land, for more cruel, more relentless than fire or sword, was the foe—yellow-fever!

The doors and windows of the Hall were opened wide to admit the cool night air. Florence Manse leaned her white, sad face far out the open window; the heavy dew fell softly, coolingly, upon her hot brow. From the negro quarters were borne on the still night air cries and groans that told the old, dreary tale of death and desolation worse than death. Now and then she heard the roll of cart wheels along the dusty road; they were only bearing away another victim of the fever!

Mrs. Manse gave a moan of pain. A row of graves under the sycamores told the story of her woe. All the loved ones there—all that loved her—save one. Would the cruel fever take her little Floy—the only one on earth to love her.

With a piercing cry Mrs. Manse sprang up and snatched her child from the sofa, where she lay sweetly sleeping, unconscious of her mother's anguish. All night Floy was clasped to her mother's heart; but at last, when day began to break, Mrs. Manse placed her sleeping child in her little bed, and then sought her own couch to take the much-needed repose.

Poor Florence! a bitterer grief than sorrow for the dead filled her lonely, aching heart. On the plea of urgent business, George Manse, a few weeks after the death of his little boy, had suddenly departed for New York, leaving his young wife, and surviving child in Dr. Irving's care. Florence knew—Dr. Irving knew—not business, but his own cowardly fears, his utter selfishness, drove George from his home in that hour of danger and death. Young Dr. Irving was true to his charge. Every day the lonely Hall was made brighter for a little time by his cheery presence, and the sad, neglected wife had come to watch and long for these brief visits.

"Do you expect George home soon?" was Dr. Irving's oft asked question, watching her expressive face the while.

Her reply was always the same, with a scornful light darting in the dark eyes.

"He will be home when he can leave his business."

But one day she flashed out, passionately:

"You know, and I know, Dr. Irving, that my husband will never return if there remains the least personal danger. George Manse is too great a coward to face death."

After that, George Manse's name seldom passed their lips. Dr. Irving felt—though it would be the bitterest of losses to his pitying, loving heart—that it would be better, far better, if mother and child could both be laid by the side of the dead under the sycamores.

When Mrs. Manse awoke, it was long past noon, little Floy was patiently watching by the bedside.

"Mamma, wake up now," lisped the sweet voice; "tate Foy; Foy's very tired," and the curly head lay pillowed on the mother's arm.

Aunt Cleo—the only house servant the fever had passed—served them a tempting little dinner.

"It am good as I kin cook, Miss Florie," said the pleased old negress, when Florence praised her skill, and, for the first time in many weeks, ate heartily of the daintily prepared food. "Ie's mighty glad you kin eat like dat, honey. Der doctor sez dar is nuthin' like eatin' to keep the fever away."

But Floy would not eat, pushing away the tempting food with "Flo tan't eat, mamma."

Later, when Dr. Irving came to make his usual call, Baby Floy lay on her mother's breast like a bruised flower, ill and drooping.

"You should have come before," said the mother's dark, mournful eyes; but the white lips remain tightly closed.

His orders were given in quick, sharp, tones. The words "You should have sent for me immediately," and the black vial she held in his hand, went like a sharp knife's thrust to her heart, she read in his anxious face only too quickly of a new woe, sadly knew that the baleful light in the dear eyes and the red glow on the rounded cheek meant that Floy was stricken with the fever.

Florence suffered them to take her child and lay her in the little bed; then, motionless and mute, she knelt by the bedside, keeping her vigil during the long hours, while Dr. Irving and Aunt Cleo ministered to little Floy.

"Best to leave her alone; we cannot help her," as Cleo motioned toward the kneeling form.

"Mamma! Mamma!" whispered the faint, sweet voice, and the loving eyes rested a moment on the prostrate form. "Foy dood; don't try;" then she relapsed in to the unconsciousness of fever.

Florence lifted her anguished face, shuddering violently.

"Save my baby! Oh, save her, doctor!" she cried, in agony.

"I am doing all I can, Florence. Had we not better telegraph to George as soon as possible? Floy is very ill."

"It will be nothing to him; do not trouble him."

The bitterness of her reply proved how keenly she felt his cruel desertion, how surely alienated was her heart from him, who by his selfishness had forfeited all right to respect and love.

"Very well. Perhaps it is better to wait for Floy to improve," kindly interpreting the reply in a gentler form. Both knew full well what the reply meant—George must take his own time to return, unless—

"Dr. Irving, Floy must not die!" reading in his sorrowing eyes what his lips refrained from speaking.

He passed his hand lightly over her dark hair.

"Come, Florence," raising the slender form tenderly, "go and rest awhile—for Floy's sake," as she feebly resisted.

Aunt Cleo led her from the room, he watching her pityingly, his great, loving heart shining forth in his moistened eyes. When the door closed, he turned again to the fever-stricken child.

Terrible indeed was the clutch of the fever's burning fingers, so strong the grasp on the baby life that the physician felt his skill was powerless to save her; death would soon free the little sufferer.

Aunt Cleo stole quietly into the room.

"Is she any better?" she whispered, leaning over the little one.

She stroked the clustering curls caressingly, starting back with a cry of dismay and terror as she marked the fearful ravages of the fever.

"I cannot save her, Cleo." And Dr. Irving's eyes grew dim.

"No, no; she can't be saved. I knowed it; but oh, my baby! My poor Miss Florie, You can't save her, for the Lord hab marked de best and loveliest in de land. De mudders are weepin' for dey chil'ren, but dey can't go nohow; only dem we want ter stay. Oh, my poor Miss Florie!"

The old woman swayed to and fro, wringing her hands in deep distress.

They did not hear the door open, did not see the white face. Every word of Aunt Cleo's bitter cry Florence Manse had overheard.

"All alone, alone!" the white lips whispered. Then, "all gone. The last one on earth who loves me! Oh, doctor, I shall be all alone!" flinging out her white hands with a despairing gesture.

He caught them to his breast with "No, poor dove, never alone!" Then he drew back. She was George Manse's wife! Dr. Irving's face became strangely white and haggard. Florence was his friend's wife!

In the clear, true eyes shone a look of entire renunciation. Gently he released her hands, and with a broken "God help you, Florence," without one backward glance, he turned and left the room.

That night Floy died. Dr. Irving stood by Florence's side at the dying bed, supported the frail form as they knelt by the grave; then brought her back to the desolate Hall—and, though the noble heart ached for its darling, he, knowing that it was best, said, calmly:

"Good-bye, Florence."

Egbert Irving never came to the Hall. Often, in the dreary days that followed, Florence met Dr. Irving in fever stricken homes, at dying bedsides. Kind and grave had he ever been to her, kind and grave would he remain; only he and she would ever know of his love and her sorrow.

Late in the fall George came home. His heart smote him when he saw the pale, thin face of his wife, the lines of suffering under the sad eyes.

"We will go away, Floy. Indeed, you must have a change," said George, one day, watching the hands toying listlessly with a piece of fancy work.

She smiled faintly. It seemed strange that of late he should begin to manifest consideration for her whom he had neglected. The lover of a great sorrow or trouble is often requisite to move such men from their lethargic selfishness.

"Yes, we will go—some time—when I can be spared."

Thus it happened that Florence went about making farewell visits. One bright autumn day she made her last visit. Poor Floy! The faint smiles were chased from the pale lips forever, and that day the bruised heart broke.

The cruel fever snatched one more victim, breathed on him with its deadly breath, and then exultingly hurried on its desolating way. In that hour, when death called Dr. Irving, he asked for Florence, and she came.

It was better thus. Neither murmured; they rather rejoiced that the end had come so soon.

"Be brave and true, Florence; true to your husband," he whispered with dying breath.

She kissed his lips, his brow, his hands; but her grief was too deep for words, too bitter for tears. Mutely, tearlessly she folded his hands, and with a last lingering look on the dear face, went to kneel alone and battle with her great sorrow.

George found her kneeling by the window. When it was all over he led her away; even then she could not weep, did not look back upon the face grown so strangely dark and disfigured. In her own room the dull apathy gave way.

"I am ready to go away. Oh, George, take me away!" she bitterly cried.

Then there came to George Manse the bitter knowledge that Florence had loved the dead—ay, better than she loved the living—her husband. But in his heart there was no anger towards the dead, and with his knowledge came an awakening love for his heart-broken wife.

The following day—a golden day, when earth and sky were bright with the glory that autumn brings—they laid Dr. Irving in his grave. Florence looked paler and more fragile than the lilies she carried to place upon the grave. George felt that she was only lingering a little while, for the shadow of death was already in the dark eyes, on the white cheek.

That was the end. George watched the white face narrowly as they turned from the new made grave; the colorless lips uttered no cry, her eyes shone tearless and bright; for the sake of the noble dead she would strive to be brave, and true to him who only should claim her life-long allegiance.

"Dr. Irving was a noble man; he has been very kind to me and mine, Florence," said George gravely, as they slowly walked up the shaded lawn.

"It is better that he could die before he had known terrible suffering; yet his place will never be filled."

The dreary hopelessness of her reply touched him.

"Perhaps Florence, his place can be filled," thinking, sadly enough now, of the double meaning in those words, she thought of the new-made grave.

George took his wife away from the scene of her loss; but only for a season. In the spring he returned—came to make another grave under the sycamores—to dig a grave in his own heart.

The story of his wedded life was read to him in simple language. There had been given into his care a tender flower—a flower in the summer of its life; but love and care had he denied it. The sunshine of love and sympathy was given by another, kinder than he, with tender hands lifting the drooping flower till the hand was chilled by the frost of death—a cruel frost, chilling to the heart that other heart! Then he prized his flower, too late; care could not avail; such love could not save.

The sycamores sighed on. A marble shaft under their shade said that Florence Manse was dead.

Music in the Backwoods.

I had been sent to S——, a Wisconsin settlement, on business, and my stay was prolonged to such an extent that I foresaw that I should not be able to get away before Thanksgiving. Brown had bought a melodeon. It was the first one in the place; the first one, in fact, that many of the residents had ever seen, and it was the cause of much neighborhood gossip. Some thought the Browns were putting on quite too much style. "Gettin' airy," my landlady expressed it. "I guess ef he'd pay his honest debts he wouldn't have much money left to buy melodeons with." "His Sarah'll hammer out music right and left, won't she?" chuckled Mrs. W——who called in to discuss the matter with Mrs. B——. "She don't know one tune from another, I should jedge, from the way she sings in meetin'. But I s'pose they think a girl with red hair an' freckles, to say nothin' of squintin', has got to hev somethin' to attrack the young men."

"You see of they don't git up a party," said Mrs. B——, nodding her head wisely at Mrs. W——. "They allus do, when they git something new. They did last year when they got their parlor cheers, an' the sofy you know. They will now, see ef they don't!"

Mrs. B—— proved to be a wise prophet. Two days before Thanksgiving, Mr. Brown "dropped in," and before he went away he informed us that the "old woman was goin' to have some doin's Thursday evenin', she wanted us to come 'round."

"I want you to come, too, young man," said Mr. Brown to me. "The old woman and Sary's makin' great calculation on havin' you there, 'cause they've heard say you could rattle some purty good music out o' sich a thing as that we've got up there, and they want you to show off, you see. We can't, you know, though Sary, she's picked out 'Come thou fount,' an' one or two other hymns, but they ain't very lively, an' wouldn't be anyways likely to entertain comp'ny a whole evenin'." And Mr. Brown chuckled, as he lit his pipe, and took his departure.

"I knew 'twould be so," remarked Mrs. W——, when he was gone. "That's allus their way o' showin' off new things. I should know when they giv a party, that they'd got somethin' new, ef I hadn't heerd o' their buyin' anything."

Thursday evening came, and we repaired to Mr. Brown's. I heard the melodeon before we got to the door, and as we passed a window, I looked in and saw Dea D——, who led the singing at meetin's," seated before the instrument in a much-doubled-up position, "picking out" a tune with the first finger of his right hand, while the rest of his fingers were clenched in his palm as if he wanted to keep them entirely out of the way. One or two old ladies sat near, listening, and I heard one of them say, as we went in, that she thought "Brother D——'d learn to play in no time, ef he had an instrument." To which Brother D—— responded, as he straightened up, and released his cramped fingers, that "he guessed he could git the hang o' the thing, but it was kinder hard work, he jedged, till a person got used to it," and thereupon he took a long breath and wiped his fatigued hand on the leg of his trousers.

Mr. Brown, bluff and hearty, advanced to meet and welcome us. He had his trousers tucked into his boots, and was in his shirt-sleeves, and wore his hat. Indeed, he, with several others, wore their hats the entire evening, with the exception of the time we were at supper.

"How'd ye do, young man?" he said, shaking hands with me. "Glad to see ye, Miss Brown, she was afeard you'd giv' us the slip. Take a cheer."

I took the "cheer." As nobody offered to take my hat, I sat and held it. I was tempted to wear it, and be in fashion. Mr. Brown sat down and filled his pipe. Just as he was proceeding to light it, a red-haired, freckled girl of about sixteen sidled up to him and gave him a nudge in the ribs.

"Wall, what's wanted?" he demanded, "supper ready?"

Sary, for she it was, I knew at once, by the description I had been given of her, whispered something in an undertone.

"Oh, you want the young feller to play, do ye, an' don't dare to ask him? That's it, is it?" and Mr. Brown winked at me, in a very jovial way. I wasn't at all surprised that Sary hadn't asked me, as no one had introduced us. We were not introduced at all, I may as well say right here. To tell the truth, giving introductions was looked upon as a kind of weakness peculiar to "air-y" people, by the good people of S——. In a six weeks' stay there, I was not introduced to any one.

Sary tried to ignore her father's playful remark by looking unconscious of it. The result was that she looked so comical that I had hard work to keep from laughing, for her eyes were so "crossed" that one seemed to be looking southeast, while the other looked directly up, and I suppose she was looking at me all the while, for her face got red, and she fidgeted about in a bashful manner, and made no answer to her father.

"I say, s'posen you do play us somethin," said Mr. Brown. "We'd like to hear the thing squall right out."

I went to the melodeon. A "solemn hush" fell upon the party. The old ladies drew down their faces, and ceased knitting; the young folks suspended giggling; the only sound I could hear was the puff, puff, of the smokers, and there were so many of them that the room was blue with smoke. I looked my audience over, and concluded that "something with a tune to it" would "fill the bill" best of anything. My repertoire was exceedingly limited, so I began with a march "extemporized" from the theme of "John Brown's Body," etc. Before I had played a dozen measures through, about every foot in the room was beating time. Before I finished it, I was forcibly reminded of the gallery-boys stamping out their impatience for a tha a re performance to begin.

"Wall, I swan," declared Brown, "but you can just make the critter talk, now. How's that for music, Jones? 'Hey?"

Mr. Jones said that "was music, an' no mistake," and I was fairly overwhelmed with compliments from all sides.

"Giv' us another," said Mr. Brown. "An' Sary, you jest watch how he makes his han's go. Mebby 't'ill give you some idees."

I played Yankee Doodle with variations. I carried the house by storm. I never expect to play to another audience as appreciative as that one was. I was encored on that piece. I played it again, and the enthusiasm increased.

"By the powers, but that just everlastin'ly beats all I ever heerd," declared Mr. Brown. "I say, young man, play it ag'in."

And I played it again. I may as well say here that I was called on to "play it ag'in" three times during the evening.

Then I played Fisher's Hornpipe. Some of the young men wanted to dance; but, as there wasn't room, they had to be contented with a shuffling accompaniment, which they performed with their feet. I followed the hornpipe up with the Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep, and the Tempest. As D——happened to know an old song set to that tune, he struck up and sung it. As I was playing it in pretty lively time, and his song was religious in sentiment, the effect can be imagined. I tried hard not to laugh, but I felt the tears start. His singing turned the music into a new channel.

"Le's have some singin'," proposed Brown. "Somethin' we all know. Play us 'Lay up closter, brother, closter.' That's the song that takes me right in my weak spot ev'ry time. You start it, deacon."

The song Mr. Brown meant, I inferred, was the "Dying Californian," as I heard it sang several times in S——. I was right. Deacon D——coughed, cleared his throat, and began. Everybody joined in. Some of them couldn't sing a tune to save them, but they sang all the same. Several of the old ladies were affected to tears.

"Jerk out the wobbler," whispered Brown to me, between the last verses. "That'll make it solem'er." I didn't know what the "wobbler" meant, but he helped me out of the dilemma by pulling out the tremolo stop. So the last verse was sung to a "wobbling" accompaniment, which, I suppose, satisfied his longing for an additional solemnity to the piece that "allus took him in his weak spot."

"Wa'n't that sweet!" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. W——. "I wish Sary could play that, her father likes it so. My! but can't he jest beat ev'rything? I don't see how he knows where to put his fingers, but it seems real easy to him."

"You sing Barb'ry Allen, Mis' Brown," suggested Mrs. W——. "I allus liked that piece."

So Mrs. Brown sung Barbara Allen, and the guests came in strong on the chorus. When that song was concluded, I was called on for Yankee Doodle again. After which, I was requested by Deacon D—— to play something of a religious character, and they sung "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," and other old favorite hymns.

After supper, I was immediately taken back to the melodeon, where I played, "by particular request," the Yankee Doodle variations. Greater enthusiasm, much applause, and much wishing on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, that Sary could play like that.

Then more singing. Sentimental and religious songs followed each other rapidly, with a sprinkling of jigs and other lively "morceaus." Of all musical evenings, that was the most sociable of any I have ever seen.

One Horse Lawyers.

A case of assault and battery, in which farmers' sons were plaintiff and defendant respectively, was on trial in Justice Alley, Detroit, recently and the plaintiff's lawyer was very anxious to make out that the defendant's family must have seen the fight which took place just outside the kitchen door. The defendant's mother being on the stand the lawyer began:

"Well, where were you when the first blow was struck?"

"Down cellar skimming milk and tying cloths over my preserve jars," she replied.

"Where was your husband?"

"He was in the barn mending the harness and greasing the wagon."

"Where was your daughter Sarah?"

"Sarah was in the north bedroom changing the pillow cases on the spare bed."

"And where was Jane?"

"Jane? She had run over to a neighbor's to borrow some coffee and a nutmeg."

"Let's see! Haven't you a sister living with you?"

"Yes, sir. She was sewing carpet rags up stairs."

"Ah! She was! You have a younger son named Charles, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, and he was salting the sheep across the road."

"Just so. You are a very busy family, I see. I suppose even the dog was very busy just at this particular moment."

"Yes, sir, he was. Old Bose was down at the gate looking towards Detroit for one-horse lawyers!"

Japanese Winter Sports.

The most of our young readers think of Asiatic countries as warm, because India, with which we are best acquainted, has no winter like ours. But Japan has a genuine winter, with snow and ice. And the Japanese children indulge in the same kind of winter sports as are common in this country. A recent visitor from England saw many a fine snow-image made by the boy, with pieces of charcoal for eyes, and a charcoal streak for the mouth. He also looked on at many a boys' battle with snow-balls, and concluded that they had better tempers than the boys in England and none of them seemed to get angry though hit often and hard. Their shoes don't get wet like ours, as they are made of wood, three inches high, but when the snow is deep their feet are wet and cold, as there is no upper covering. The English visitor thought the Jap boys the happiest and merriest children he had ever seen.

Hunting Wolves in Texas.

One Bell, of Fort Griffin, is credited with killing more wolves than any other one man on the plains south of the Arkansas: In one season he poisened over 500. From three to four good hunters used to club together and hunt the season through. They started out with a wagon well loaded with flour, bacon, sugar, salt, and coffee. An extra pony or two came handy to ride around, keep the baits in order, and bring in the hides. The trappers carried plenty of ammunition, and when using breech-loading rifles filled their own shells. As the Comanches were troublesome, the rifles were kept loaded and the horses strictly guarded. At night they were hobbled in the brush near the camp, so as they could not go astray. If the "sign" was good, camp was usually made in a secluded spot near a running stream, tributary to one of the large rivers. As the wolves followed the buffalo, and the buffalo cropped the juicy grass along the streams, the "sign" was always good in a wild and well-watered section of the country. By the "sign"—the tracks and half-eaten dead buffalo—the trappers estimated the number of wolves, and prepared their baits. Buffalo, antelope, or deer were killed in an open place, and strychnine placed in those portions of the carcasses first torn by the wolves. But the trappers as a rule, did not plant the poison before sunset, for the wolves of the air, the innumerable ravens that shadow the plains and feed upon dead animals, displaced the baits if the traps were set before they went to roost. The ground near the carcasses was sometimes sprinkled with dead ravens. Small flocks staggered around the dead bulls under the influence of the poison, and gyrated through the air like tumbler pigeons.

The colder the weather, the more wolves. A nipping, frosty air seemed to sharpen their appetites, and give them a keen scent. While Graham was on the Brazos, five winters ago, eight bison were killed on the side of a hill, and their bodies skinned and poisoned. During the night the wind veered to the north, and the weather became intensely cold. A storm of sleet made the camp fire hiss, and the howls of the wolves rang above the ravine in which the hunters slept. With the first streak of daylight they visited their baits, fearful that the ravens might tear the fur of the dead wolves and damage the hides. Within three hours they found the bodies of fifty-six large gray wolves frozen so hard that they dragged them into the ravine and thawed them out. All agreed that if the night had been mild the animals would have kept under cover.

A wolf begins to feel the effect of the poison within ten minutes. He stops eating. His ears and eyebrows twitch, and his limbs are cramped. Frequently he whirls around like a dancing dervish, sweeping the ground with his tail and throwing up the dirt with one of his forepaws. His comrades cock their heads to one side and watch his spasms with curious eyes, but resume their feast when the victim stiffens or starts for the scrub. Few of the poisoned animals die at the side of the poisened buffalo. Old hunters assert that the strychnine produces a burning thirst, and the wolf makes for the nearest water. This keeps the band of trappers busy all the morning. While two of them skins the wolves nearest the baits, the other mounts a mustang and scours the chapparel and banks of the river in a further search for bodies. The ravens assist him, filling the air with wild cries, and fluttering over the gasping animals in the brush. Many of the wolves are not dead when discovered. They are scattered about in all stages of paralysis, and are put out of their misery by the hunter. Occasionally a dying wolf is found stretched on the sands of the river lopping the water; but he does not rush into the stream, and his body is never found floating upon its surface. Even in death he seems to have a horror of wetting his feet.

The only adepts at skinning are the professional hunters. The body is turned upon its back, and work begins at the forequarters. The trapper grips a leg between his knees, opens up the hide to the brisket, and rips down to the tail. The tail is the most valuable part of the wolf. If injured, it spoils the beauty of the robe. It is therefore taken off with the greatest care. The skinner then plants his foot firmly upon his neck, and by main strength peels the hide up to the head. Here more care is required. The ears and nose are torn away, with the skin, so that spread upon the prairie it presented a perfect picture. The hide is then folded flesh side in, thrown across the back of a pony and borne to camp. The fur is then turned to the grass and the skins stretched by pegs driven into the ground. It dries according to the weather. No salt is used. If the atmosphere is dry it is taken up in three days, and turned over and sunned until ready for market.

While the trapper is thus picking up the skins of the big gray wolf he does not neglect the coyote. This is much smaller than his gray brother. The latter is nearly as large as a Newfoundland dog; the former about twice the size of a cat. The coyote fancies a camp fire, and sits on hillocks within sight of its blaze barking for hours. The gray wolf bays the moon like a dog. Graham says he has seen them sitting on the highest rocks gazing at its bright orb with their heads thrown back uttering unearthly howls. This wolf scorns the coyote. When the large wolves drag down an old buffalo bull the coyotes huddle in the vicinity, licking their chops and barking, as though begging a share of the prey. Should they venture too near the the big fellows utter ominous growls and the coyotes slink away, tails between their legs and heads turned over their shoulders. The coyote quickly determines the status of a hunter. If he finds him killing wolves he keeps at a respectful distance; but if he is only hunting bear, antelope or buffalo, the little fellow becomes quite social. While a bear hunter was butchering game coyotes patiently watched his operations, and a gray wolf loped hungrily on an outer circle. The trapper threw a piece of meat to the small fellows, who ran off and were waylaid by the big wolf. They dropped the meat and returned, but seemed to learn nothing by experience, for they fed the robber as long as the hunter chucked them the meat.

Many coyotes pick up their supplies in the prairie-dog-colonies. If one is lurking in the streets and sees a dog away from his hole, he steals upon him with the utmost secrecy, striving to cut of his retreat. An old dog, however, is rarely caught napping. Some of the fraternity are sure to espy the wolf, and a warning bark sends the dog into his hole with a tantalizing shake of the tail. The coyotes despondently peers into the hole, rakes away the dirt with a paw, and sniffs at the lost meal. He gets his eye on another dog, and crawls toward the hole like a cat upon the mouse. The warning bark is again heard, and a second meal disappears. Infuriated by his disappointment, the wolf frequently turns upon the little sentry, and for a few seconds makes the sand fly from the entrance of his residence. Worn out by his futile efforts, he flattens himself upon the sand behind the hole, and motionless as a statue, watches it for hours. If the dog pops out his head he is gone. The wolf springs upon him, the jaws come together like the snap of a trap, and the helpless canine is turned into a succulent supper. One Metley, a well-known buffalo hunter, was riding across a dog town some years ago when he saw what he supposed to be a dead coyote stretched out at one of the holes. He dismounted and lifted it by the tail, intending to take the body to camp and skin it. The coyote made a snap for his leg, wriggled from his grasp, and sped over the prairie more surprised than the trapper. He was in a sound sleep when caught. But the coyotes' greatest harvest is in the spring of the year, when they fatten themselves at the expense of inexperienced young dogs caught wandering from home. Whole families enjoying the cool evening breeze on the mounds above the burrows are taken unawares, and the tender young snapped up before their parents can force them under the ground.

The Indians say that the wolf has no home. He follows the buffalo, and is ever skirmishing on the edge of the herd. Indefatigable in the chase, he pursues his prey for days without sleep. He catches his nap in the sunlight, and does the bulk of his work at night. Like the Indian, whom he resembles in many characteristics, he never declines an invitation to dinner. A great glutton he stuffs himself until his paunch is distended like a bladder, and in this condition is often run down and lassoed by the cow-boys on ordinary ponies. Some of the Southern tribes of Indians never slay a wolf. They have a superstition that when they die their spirits roam the prairies in the guise of wolves. "Who slays a wolf may slay his brother," is an Indian proverb.

Diamond Making.

A tube twenty inches long by four inches diameter, of coiled Lowmoor iron, was bored so as to have an internal diameter of one-half an inch. Thus the central bore was surrounded by walls of iron one and three-quarter inches thick, and, of course, capable of resisting an enormous pressure. In the tubes was placed a mixture of ninety per cent. of bone-oil and ten per cent. of paraffine-spirit, together with four grammes (about sixty-two grains) of the metal lithium. The open end of the tube was welded air-tight and the whole was then heated to redness for fourteen hours and allowed to cool slowly. On opening it a great volume of gas rushed from the tube, and within was found a hard, smooth mass adhering to the sides of the tube. "It was quite black, and was removed with a chisel, and as it appeared to be composed principally of iron and lithium it was laid aside for analysis. I was pulverizing it in a mortar, when I felt that some parts of the material were extremely hard—not resisting a blow, but hard otherwise. On looking closer I saw that these were most transparent pieces imbedded in the hard matrix, and on triturating them I obtained some free from the black matter. They turned out to be crystalline carbon, exactly like diamond." Such is Mr. Hannay's account of his discovery. Subsequent chemical and optical analysis has proved that these hard, shining crystals are in every respect true diamonds. The cost is obviously great; so, also, is the danger to life and property; and the great difficulties to be overcome render disappointments common. What we now want is to get vessels of a material sufficiently strong and non-porous to resist the high pressures and temperatures upon which the success of the experiment depends.

Indigo Factory.

Have you ever thought what indigo is, and where it comes from? Near the city of Allahabad, in India, our missionaries may see the little indigo plant growing, and the factory where our indigo is prepared for use. The following account of the preparation of the indigo from the plant was given by the proprietor to one who traveled in that country: It is the young shoots of the humble plant you see before you which provide us with the precious materials for dyeing, and not the flowers, as is commonly supposed. The gathering of these shoots is a very delicate operation. When they have arrived at a proper degree of maturity, they must be speedily removed, and each cutting must be executed with rapidity and during the night, for the sun would wither the branches, and deprive them of their properties. We therefore require a great many hands; all the villagers on my estate are placed in requisition. The workmen are dispersed in the fields at midnight; and in the morning the produce of the harvest is deposited in these stone troughs, which have been previously filled with water. Then is the time for the sun to perform its part. Under the influence of its rays the substances undergo a species of fermentation; the water becomes colored with variegated tinges, and rapidly turns blue. After a space of about forty-eight hours, the liquid is drawn off from the smallest troughs. It now emits a slightly ammoniacal smell, and the color is almost black. It is allowed to evaporate again, and is then placed in metal vats, heated by steam, in which, when the evaporation has ceased, a deposit of pure indigo is formed. It only remains to dry this deposit, pack it, and send it to the market at Calcutta.

In a recent lecture on the possibility of foretelling earthquakes, Professor Palmier expressed he belief that by means of seismographic stations, telegraphically connected, for registering and reporting preliminary earth tremblings, it would be possible to foretell earthquakes just as tempests are now foretold, and to issue warnings to threatened districts about three days in advance. He did not expect to live to see such asystem in operation, but he hoped and in a measure expected that posterity would be benifited by its universal and permanent establishment.

THE well-whipped boy suffers from hide-raw-phobia.

The Modern Canoe.

"A canoe," according to a recent official and technical definition, "is a boat sharp at both ends, not more than 36 inches beam, and which can be effectively propelled by a double-bladed paddle; but a canoe may be propelled either by a double or single-bladed paddle, or by one or more sails. No other means of propulsion shall be used." This is the single modern cruising canoe. She is a unique craft, a boat unlike and yet having the distinctive qualties of all the others. The best of her qualities is that she is manageable. In calms she is easily propelled by the single or double-bladed paddle, and in a favoring breeze she flits away under one or more sails, and logs from three to eight miles an hour. Properly constructed, she weighs no more than 75 pounds, and may therefore be carried on the canoeist's head and shoulders from stream to stream, and around dams and rapids. The paddle, although it affords somewhat less speed for short distances, is much more serviceable than oars, as it admits of quicker action, enables the canoeist to face in the direction of his progress, and to keep an easy lookout for dangers. The canoe is sufficiently capacious to carry a month's supply of luggage and provisions without trespassing upon the space amidships, that may, if need be, be converted into sleeping quarters. She is a craft in which a man of nautical tastes may comfortably cruise in inland waters at a per diem expense of less than one dollar. This light, staunch and roomy little craft is as unlike the Indian birch—the typical canoe of the United States—as she can well be. Canoes are always cruising craft, although they may be built, as ships are with reference to the work they are to perform. The canoe that is to run down a river that is frequently broken by rapids and dams must be light, that she may be easily portaged. If the camping outfit is dispensed with, the beam may be greatly diminished, and greater speed attained. Technically there are but two classes of canoes, the sailing and the paddling, the former being the canoe for general cruising. Lightness in a canoe that is always to cruise upon deep water may be sacrificed to sailing qualities, but it is indispensable to the canoe that is to be used for general cruising. Americans as well as English builders, however, too often sacrifice lightness to strength—a grievous fault, the canoeist finds, after he has tugged the heavy craft over a few portages. The canoes built by Rushton (Canton, N. Y.) are models in this respect, their average weight being about 55 pounds, and that without sacrifice of the essential element—strength. The carvel-built or smooth-side canoe is lighter as well as speedier than the clinker-built, but both British and American builders, with the conservative pig-headedness of their craft, give preference to the latter. The Rice lake canoes built by Herald of Gore's Landing, Ont., and by English of Peterboro, Ont., are of the former class, and are not only light and immensely strong, but, under certain conditions, very speedy.

The Racine boat company of Racine, Wis., has produced a canoe that is a revelation in the art of boat-building. The sides are composed of three sheets of birch, cherry or cedar, cemented together, the grain of the inner sheet crossing the outer. This veneer, while the wood is green, is pressed into the desired form. The sides are one-eighth of an inch thick, perfectly smooth, without a seam except at the ends, which are neatly sheathed with brass. There are no brad, screws, or rivet holes that are not covered by the keel or wale along the edge of the deck. This canoe, with the paddle, apron and rigging, weighs 85 pounds. The streaks of the clinker-built canoe rarely check, the wood being generally well seasoned; but unless the ribs are very close to each other—not more than three inches apart—and snugly fitted, they will warp into most tantalizing shapes. Canoeing embraces not only the hour's sailing and paddling after business, and the long and short cruises, but also amateur machanics. The canoeist, very early in his career, learns that he must rely upon himself in everything relating to his boat. He must be captain, rigger, carpenter, cook and cabin-boy. A rudder eye snaps off—as they will if he is verdant enough to allow his builder to use them—and he must drill out and put in another, or submit to a tedious delay. The canoe dashes against a snag or sunken rock in a rapid, and gets ashore, miles from any builder's shop, with an ugly hole at the bow. The canoeist must have the strip of cedar, the marine glue, and the nails at hand, and repair the damage, or tow his water-logged craft to the builder. There are scores of odd jobs that he must attend to, to the pleasures of which the unhappy mortal who navigates only a shell is a stranger. The canoeist begins with a jack-knife, and works up to jack plane, square and compasses, and ultimately to the carpenter's whole kit. He drafts a model, and turns out a fair canoe, to say nothing of supplying from his own shop many of his camp fittings. The speediest sailing canoe in England, and paddling canoe in the United States, is of amateur build. Amateur builders have constructed very creditable wooden canoes, but as yet few have attempted anything but the canvas craft—a pretty and most serviceable boat, the frame of which consists of stem and stern posts, keel, keelson, lateral strips, ribs, bulk-heads and deck timbers. The coracle, one of the earliest craft of Great Britain, the Esquimeau kayak, and the Indian birch embody the idea—a frame covered with a tough skin. A very ordinary degree of mechanical skill suffices for the production of a fair canvas canoe. The practiced hand, however, may work out the subtletics of the boat builder's art in canvas and spruce strips as deftly as in white and Spanish cedar.

For the Unmarried Men.

There can't too much guardin' against the wiles of the flirt; she's a naughty-culturist.

The way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters is to take a "better half."

When the young man begins to be called a blade, there is always more or less steal about him.

Life is but a span; marriage is a double team; youth wedded to old age is a tandem; an old bachelor is a sulky.

In some respects the gentler sex far surpass us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.

Clean your last year's straw hat with a lemon, and you may squeeze through the summer with it. Take this hint and let lemon-aid you.